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POPULAR TALES.

From the New York New World.

BEATRICE: A TALE OF PADUA.

* Nature never framed a woman's heart
of powder sturdier than that of Beatrice." SHAK.

PART THIRD.—The White or the Black?

" And for their loves!
Behold, the seal is on them!"

CHAPTER I.....THE LETTER.

"Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong.

As proofs of holy writ."
OSWELLO.

It was morning. One day and much of a second had passed since the events of the last Part; within the private apartment of Bianca Bragadina were three individuals. One of these was the Duke of Padua, and the remaining two were garbed as priests of a high order. To the chief of these ecclesiastics the Podesta, prudently addressed himself:

"The Dean of St. Antoine of Padua will cause the nave, the choir, and the grand altar of his cathedral immediately to be hung with black. In two hours from the present time, you will celebrate the solemn service for the repose of the soul of a noble individual, who will then cease to live. You will preside at this service attended by your whole Chapter—you will unveil the shrines of the saints—you will light up three hundred flambeaux—you will distribute to six hundred ducat each; and, during the whole ceremony, the great bell of the cathedral will toll with muffled tongue. Upon the hangings of the church, you will place no insignia but the escutcheon of the Malipiero & that of the Bragadina—the one an eagle's talon on gold—the other a sable crucifix on silver."

"Most excellent Podesta," commenced the Dean of St. Antoine, boding obsequiously before the Duke. "After the service," continued the Podesta, "you will immediately descend with your whole Chapter in array, with crozier and banner at the head, into the vaults of this Ducal palace where are the ancestral tombs of the Romana. You will there find a sepulchre prepared, which you will consecrate."

"Is this a solemn service for either of your parents or for any of your near kindred, my lord Duke?" faltered the Dean.

"Go!" was the brief and stern response.

The Dean bowed profoundly, and, gathering his ample vestments around him, withdrew. His companion was about to follow, when the Duke arrested his steps:

"Sir Priest, you will remain. In that oratory is an individual who will confess to you?"

"A condemned man, my lord Duke?" faintly inquired the priest.

"A condemned woman, whom you will shrive and prepare for death. Follow me. I lead to her."

As the Duke arose, an officer of the police entered to announce that Beatrice, the Improvisatrice, awaited an interview with the Podesta.

"Let her be shown to this chamber," replied the Duke. Then, as the officer departed to execute the command, he opened the door of the oratory and signified to the priest to precede him. "When you have left this apartment," continued the Duke, "you will not on your life, reveal to me what has passed within?"

"On my life, I swear!" responded the priest, and the door closed after them.

The opposite entrance was almost immediately opened.

"Where is the Podesta?" demanded Beatrice, perceiving the chamber deserted.

"I know not," replied the officer, and retired.

The Improvisatrice was alone. Her beautiful countenance was care-worn and colorless—languid with suffering and pallid with solicitude, she looked around the apartment with an air of excitement and anxiety.

"This chamber!" she at length intrusted, "this fatal chamber! Again I am within its unhealthful walls. Why am I here? Why am I summoned?" What words had been said to her? "I am told you had a secret meeting with her, and that you were to be married to me?"

"What do you propose?" inquired the actress.

"My wife—she must die! All is now ready, and in one short hour, Bianca Bragadina will have been beheaded!"

"Beheaded!" exclaimed the startled girl, "when? Where?"

"At the public executioner, within the hour, in this chamber!" sternly replied the noble.

"My husband is dead!" she uttered, and, with a bitter cry, sank into a couch of death. Coolly and calmly have I decided that this woman must die, and no remonstrance or supplication can affect my determination. Should the dearest friend I have on earth intercede in her behalf, I would set that friend's intercession at nought. Besides, Beatrice, I hate this woman! I never loved her, and I married her solely because my affairs demanded a wealthy union. Nor do I think she has ever loved me. She is the first to have been cold and indifferent; her countenance has always been sorrowful; and not a hair has cheered our house, nor blessed or blessed our union. For all this, I hate her. Hate has ever flowed in the blood of my ancient family, through all its generations. There is a necessity that Malipiero should ever have some distinct object of hatred in his heart. My grandfather was the Marquis Azzo, and he was found drowned in the fozzi of Venice. My father hated the Senator Dagonio, and he was poisoned at a banquet. For myself, it is Beatrice whom I hate, and she must die."

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Every thing seemed in a state of disarray, as if the mistress of the mansion was indifferent to objects around her, or was too much absorbed in matters of greater interest to give them her attention.

Seizing a small Venetian mirror from a table, the Improvisatrice approached the bed, and drawing aside the hangings, revealed a female form enveloped in a winding-sheet, and bearing upon the bosom a crucifix of copper. Commanding a page who was in attendance, she brought her a light, the actress laid back the white linen, fronting bare of the seeming corpse, and disclosed the pale, beautiful features of Bianca Bragadina. Bending over the body, Beatrice held the mirror near the lips, and then examined the pulse with eager anxiety, joyously exclaiming—“She lives! She lives!”

Closing again the draperies of the couch, the actress turned and addressed the night-guard of the palace.

“You are quite certain no one observed you in your passage hither from the vaults?”

“The night is very dark, Signora,” was the answer. “The streets of the city were almost deserted, and we encountered no obstacle, as you are aware. Discovery is hardly possible. You saw the coffin lowered into the grave—the grave filled up, and the flag stone replaced, even’t the Podesta ordered. As for this female body, it may be dead, and it may not be—that is not for us to know; but it is quite certain, that every one interested in the matter, but ourselves, believed it was so. You are right, therefore, in your suspicion. Your research has been liberal—our engagement is performed—we are neither inquisitors of traitors.”

“You have done well,” said the actress. Then addressing the page, she demanded—“Are the dresses, which I ordered at this hour, prepared?”

“They are there,” replied the boy, pointing to a package on one of the tables.

“And the horses—are they, too, ready?”

“They are fleet.”

“Three hundred ducats were paid for each of them.”

The Improvisatrice paced the apartment slowly, as if absorbed in thought; stopping suddenly before the watchman, she demanded how much time would be required for a fleet horse to reach the borders of the state.

“That Signora dep’ns on the route. The nearest is Montebello, and, with swift horses, can be completed in four hours.”

“It is enough,” rejoined Beatrice. “You can now return to the palace. But, remember—silence! In the morning you will receive your promised reward.”

The night-guards bowed respectfully and returned.

The actress then bade the page close all the doors, and, upon no pretext to permit any one to enter.

“But, Signor Castelli?—should he come, is he also to be shut out?” asked the page.

“By no means. Signor Castelli will come, and you will conduct him to this chamber without delay; but be sure that you admit no one beside; and do not enter this apartment yourself again to-night, unless you hear me call. You can go now and join your fellows and distract among them this largess.”

The Improvisatrice placed a purse of gold into the hand of the maid, who, smiling, handed it to the student, and, kneeling at its side, looked on the wan and patient face of its tenant.

“It cannot be long now,” she at length murmured. “She will arrive soon. She did not wish to die; nor is it strange, since she loved, and is beloved, that life is precious to her. But, ah, to live without love! My brain—my brain is on fire! Three nights and I have not slept! Last night I was alone with my misery; the night before I was in that fatal chamber: the night preceding these rooms were flashing with lamps; to-night I am a watcher; but, to-morrow night—ah, I shall sleep well—I shall wash off more—the world think me happy,” continued the actress, bitterly, glancing at the various articles of her press, and then turning to the student. “Happy? Yes, I very happy!—Then applied me—then did you—around me—they call me beautiful, accomplished, brilliant—they praise, flatter, admire—but, ah, I feel—I know not that beneath all this splendor has been throbbing for months a bleeding heart! Castelli—Castelli—oh, how I have loved that heart! And to dream that he returned that love has been to me the spirit of my existence. I used to think—how fondly and foolishly! I used to think—that when I should die—and I knew it would be soon—that I would wish to die near him, and under such circumstances, as that he could never obliterate my memory from his mind; and, after death, if it might be so, I had believed my spirit should be ever at his side, and stand beside his heart, and forever attach him to me. But, now—now, there is no more in this world—nothing but the other! Death, in itself, has no me pain—it is—something—nothing. But to be forgotten!—ah, to be forgotten!—that is the pang—the agony of dying. Yet, it must be so. The memory of the Improvisatrice will not live after her; and when her frail frame is dust, her name will cease to be spoken. And this little crucifix,” she continued, taking in her hands that which lay upon her breast of the rigid form before her—“this little, simple crucifix has proved, indeed, a talisman of good to one, my mother; but not alas! to her misera ble child!”

These mournful meditations were still agonizing the bosom of the unfortunate Beatrice, when a quick tread was heard, and Castelli strode into the chamber.

The actress was hardly, and with difficulty, the drapery around the couch, and seated herself at his entrance.

“It is, Cola,” she exclaimed. “I was expecting you would come—I was sure of it. I have much to say to you, and you will hear me!”

“And, I, Signora—I have much to say to you,” replied the student sternly. “You will listen to me.”

“Castelli!—”

“Are you alone?”

“I am,” was the submissive response.

“Will you order that no one enter this chamber?” said the young man.

“I have already done so,” returned Beatrice.

“Then I may be permitted to secure these doors,” continued the student, turning the keys of all the entrances to the chamber as he spoke.

“You can act your pleasure, Cola,” calmly replied the actress.

“I have no pity, Castelli; you crush this poor heart that loves you, even in its agony, with needless blows. Then let me hasten the last. Know, cold Castelli, that sooner did I learn that you loved another, than I resolved to destroy her! Strike! It is I who have done all! Strike! If the only woman you ever love is pained, I did the deed! Strike home!”

The student drew the poniard from the folds of his dress, and, raising the flashing steel, bent irresistibly over the reching form of Beatrice.

“Strike! In pity, delay no longer!” she exclaimed; and, striking him with her hand, she plucked the steel to the hilt into her breast.

“To the heart!” she cried, as the life-blood gushed forth.

“The blow was well aimed. All will be over soon. Take hand, Cola—this dear hand, so often reached me to your bosom”—she continued, taking the unresisting hand of the student, now incarnadined and dripping with her own blood, and pressing it to her lips—“this hand has delivered me from all my miseries! leave it with me while I live. You know I would not harm thee, dearest. Ah, Cola, you little thought, when you entered this chamber and told me that in one-fourth of an hour I must die, that I should so readily yield to thy wishes! but when you had once said to me that you never forced me, I felt that I could live no longer. And now, Cola—now that I am dying, give me one last kiss, to witness the agony of human nature: you will not see it! Oh, feel that you must do so!”

“Bentrice!—Poor Bentrice!” said the student sorrowfully, kneeling beside the dying girl and supporting her upon his bosom. As he was thus engaged, a faint voice behind the hangings of the couch was heard exclaiming, “Where am I, Castelli?”

“That voice! whence comes it?” cried the student, wildly. He raised his eyes, and before him half-concealed by the drapery of the bed, was the figure of Bianca Bragadina, shrouded in the habiliments of the grave. The next moment she was in the arms of her lover, and, kneeling with him beside the weltering form of her ex-piring rival.

“Bentrice! My own! my beautiful! my beloved!—Oh, is it you? Do you live?” cried the student. Then turning to the unhappy actress, he exclaimed, “Oh, God! You have done nothing, Cola!”

“Yes, God!—you have done nothing!”

“Well!—you have done well! Miserable woman!” exclaimed the student.

“Yes, Cola—I have done well. You are sure you know it!” that I have done?”

“Sot!—you have done well!—All very sure. The heart rending scold is yet sounding in my ears. There we’re but three in the lonely chamber—the victim—the Duke and a woman he called Beatrice. Two hours was the miserable sufferer supplicating for pardon—for life?

“I have! One who is now an angel—who was my life, the light of my being!”

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“Never! Never!” was the reply.

“Enough!” faltered the Improvisatrice. “All my apprehensions are now confirmed. I am ready to die.”

Your poniard, Castelli, can only complete what your words have commenced. One question more and I am done. You love another?”

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DEMOCRAT.

R.I. 12, 1842.

T WASHINGTON.
Intelligence from Washington, of such a curious character opinion to form of its author what may be the issue of Congress.

At the beginning of the present it has been the secret policy under a private committee or less—to delay all legislation empty—and thus to "stop the door to compel President Tyler's chair, and to retire to Virginia; result, it is expected that would then, for the remainder of the Senate, by whom administered entirely on the rights.

In session, a secret club congress, was organized, to manage this project, and to carry it into effect. This plan is to do at all—provide no means to oppose. This is to be effected, but by delay, confusion, stratagems of politicalitians.

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(Mr. Giddings) as altogether

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said it was the policy of the Whig opposition to embarrass the Government and bring it into discredit and contempt, in order that they might derive from its humiliations an argument in favor of bringing Mr. Clay into the Presidency. This was the object of their do-nothing policy. They preferred disgrace, disaster, derangement, debt, ruin, under a particular chieftain, to order, prosperity, and defense under any other chieftain. House adjourned.

March 28. No progress made in any business.—Rayner made a speech in which he said the "judgments of Heaven had come on the Whig party." True, and there let them stay. B. T. H.

RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES WITH ENGLAND AND MEXICO.

The N. Y. Herald states, on the authority of private correspondent, on whom reliance might be placed, that as soon as intelligence of the invasion of Texas by the Mexicans arrived at Washington, on the very

same day, in fact, a special messenger brought despatches to the capital from our Minister at Mexico.

Although the precise nature of these despatches must remain at present under the seal of secrecy, enough of their nature is known to create anxiety and forebodings for the future.

It is known that Santa Anna has refused, point blank, to deliver up the American prisoners, at the instance of Mr. Ellis or Mr. Thompson. A correspondence ensued between Santa Anna and our Minister, in the course of which the former spoke of this country with disdain and insolence.

It appears also, that Santa Anna undertook the expedition against Texas at the instance of Mr. Packham, who is a brother of the General killed at the Battle of New Orleans, and that the money had been furnished by the abolition interests in London, on a guarantee of the Churches and mines of Mexico.

It is also believed that the English government have a design to take possession of Cuba, as soon as the Mexican war shall have produced sufficient confusion in the South, to give any color to such a proceeding. The East India and abolition interests in England have influenced the new British ministry to encourage this state of things, in order to blot Texas out of existence, as a nation, get possession of Cuba, and abolish slavery in all the Spanish West India Islands, by way of destroying the Union, and the growing power of the United States towards the South.

During the present summer, the British steamers will swarm all over the coast of the United States, from Boston to the Gulf of Mexico, and into every inlet and bay of the West Indies they penetrate. It is believed the British government have determined to blot Texas from the family of nations, and to surround the Anglo-American republic with a cordon of military troops and steamers to frighten us into their own terms.

The future is big with important events. It is time for the people of this glorious republic to wake up from their deep sleep, and to prepare for that mighty conflict that is yet to take place on the Atlantic between the principles of a republican government, and those of monarchy—between the Gothic prejudices and tyrannical barbarism of past ages, and the hopes, the liberty, the civilization and the glorious independence of the future.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORY IN PORTLAND.

For the first time since 1833, the Democrats of Portland have elected their city officers. On Tuesday last, they elected their Mayor, four out of seven Aldermen, and ten out of twenty-one Councilmen. The Federalists elected two Aldermen and six Councilmen. There was no choice of Aldermen and Councilmen in Ward No. 4, and no choice of two Councilmen in Ward No. 1. The next day meetings were held in both these wards to complete their elections. In Ward 3, there was again no choice. In Ward 1, the Democrats elected two Councilmen. So the Democrats have now four Aldermen and twelve Councilmen elected, and the Federalists two Aldermen and six Councilmen.

ARRIVAL OF LORD ASHBURTON.

The British frigate Warspite, of 74 guns, commanded by Sir John Hay, arrived off Annapolis, April 2d, having on board Lord Ashburton, Special Minister from England, whose arrival in this country, for the purpose of endeavoring to adjust the many difficulties existing between the two governments, has been so long expected.

New Minister to Mexico.—The Baltimore Sun states

on the authority of a private letter from Washington, that Mr. Giddings has been recalled from Mexico, and Gen. Waddy Thompson will sail in a few days, in the U.S. ship Macedonian, with definite instructions in regard to the American prisoners now in chains under the direction of the tyrant Santa Anna.

MORE THUNDER. THE INVASION CONFIRMED.

Great Fire in New York.—On the 31st ult. a fire broke out in Dolancy street and consumed about fifty principal houses and a large number of humble dwellings in their roar. The number of houses destroyed was not less than one hundred, and about two thousand persons were deprived of shelter. The loss of property is stated at \$110,000, but perhaps at no fire in that city was there ever half as much suffering caused to the poor and needy as in this.

There has been a large meeting of citizens in Philadelphia, where resolutions were passed complaining of the neglect of public business by Congress, and urging the passage by that body of the Apportionment Bill, the adoption of measures for national defense, the settlement of the currency and tariff questions, and less quarrelling and more attention to the interests of the country generally.

Eastern Steamboats.—The Kennebec Journal states the singular fact that only one life has been lost by steamboats in New England waters, east of Boston, since they came in use, now near 20 years, and this was that of a man who jumped overboard from the New England in his flight.

The Law's delay.—At the district Court sitting at Belfast, Maine, last week, the jury decided in a case which was commenced two years before, for the recovery of ninety-two cents. The costs have been about four hundred dollars.

Connecticut Redeemed!

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!!

The Hartford Times of Tuesday eve, brings us returns from 94 towns, in which the gain of the Democratic ticket over the Whig ticket since April, 1841, is Five Thousand Five Hundred and Sixty Three! In these towns Cleveland, the Democratic candidate, is 975 votes ahead of Ellsworth, and he has been undoubtedly elected. In

1841, Ellsworth's majority over Nicoll, was 5,592.

On this highly gratifying result, the Hartford Times remarks:

"It is with no ordinary feelings of pleasure that we announce to our Democratic friends throughout the Union, the result of the election held in this State on Monday. DEMOCRACY IS TRIUMPHANT! Through the length and breadth of the State, her proud flag is unfurled, and waves over one of the most complete and triumphant victories ever achieved in Connecticut by any party. Both branches of the Legislature are ours—the State ticket is ours—complete with doubt. In joint ballot we shall, from present appearances, have two thirds.

"When we consider the tremendous influence with which the Democrats had to contend—the army of office-holders—the Banks and Corporations generally—we must confess we are surprised at the overwhelming defeat of our opponents.

But the people are sick of Whiggery—disgusted with their false promises and corruptions, and have torn themselves from their embrace, even in Connecticut. We anticipated a victory, but not

one so overwhelming. The 'sober second thought' has well and faithfully done its work."

RHODE ISLAND.

The General Assembly of Rhode Island, on Saturday last, by a vote of 60 to 6, passed an Act declaring illegal and void, all town, ward or other meetings, for the choice of town, County or State officers, except at the times and in the manner prescribed by law; and subjecting to a fine of \$500 to 1000 and imprisonment for six months, any person who shall act as moderator, warden or clerk, in any such meetings. Also subjecting any person who shall signify that he will accept any executive, legislative, judicial, or magisterial office, by virtue of any such pretended election to fine of \$2000 and imprisonment for one year.

Also declaring any person who shall assume to exercise any such office, not being duly elected thereto according to the laws of the State, guilty of treason, and punishable with imprisonment for life. All offences under this Act are to be tried before the Supreme Judicial Court only.

Resolutions were reported in connexion with the bill, requesting the Governor to issue his Proclamation exhorting the people "to give no aid or countenance to those who, in violation of the law, may attempt to set up a government in opposition to the existing government of the State, and calling upon them to support the Constitutional authorities for the preservation of the public peace, and in the execution of those laws on which the security of all depends." Also, authorizing His Excellency "to adopt such measures as in his opinion may be necessary in the recess of the Legislature, to execute the laws and preserve the State from domestic violence, and that he be and is hereby authorized to draw on the General Treasury for such sums as may be required for these purposes."

The Providence Evening Chronicle also states that the Adjutant General, by command of the Governor, has issued his order for the military throughout the State, to hold themselves in readiness to appear armed and equipped at thirty minutes notice.

These measures, have occasioned great excitement in the State, and there seems a possibility that a conflict between the supporters of the People's Constitution and the Royal Charter may take place.

The Providence Express, a paper recently established by the Free Suffrage party, expresses the utmost indignation at the passage of this Act, which it says, "will rouse an insulted people into action, and, if apprehended, may have a tragic termination." Again it says, this law "can never be enforced; but its authors may adopt the style of an ancient martyr, and exclaim, 'we have this day kindled such a torch in Rhode Island, as shall never be extinguished.'

LATER FROM TEXAS.

Advice from Galveston to the 22d of March were received at New Orleans on the 24th, putting aside the intelligence last received concerning the invasion, and re-establishing the accounts originally published, with additions. The invading force is now set down at twenty thousand, and the retrograde movement from San Antonio is said to have been only a *ruse de guerre* to draw the Texan levies within striking distance of a vastly superior force. This intelligence seems

to have come mainly in a letter from Victoria, dated March 16th, which says, on the authority of friendly Mexicans who had come in, that one body of 9000 was advancing to Victoria on the Matamoros road and another of 12,000 on that leading to San Antonio. Similar accounts were brought in by spies.

The detachment that captured San Antonio is said to have been only the advanced guard of the 12,000.

Under these circumstances the Texans are urgent, as may be supposed, in their calls for "immigrants," and for such articles of commerce as powder, lead, muskets and money. The Galveston committee of vigilance dispatched first a pilot boat and then a steamboat to New Orleans, the latter of which brought the news.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Intelligencer, however, does not put much faith in these new or renewed accounts.

The Senate have confirmed the nomination of Jas. W. McCulloch, of Maryland, as First Comptroller of the Treasury.

BRITISH PHILANTHROPY.—A N. Y. paper shows up this subject in the following style:—

"Both the people and the Government of Great Britain make a great show of philanthropy in respect to the slave trade, and are constantly claiming against other nations where slavery exists; and yet it is well known that the Government of Great Britain itself is at this moment engaged in the slave trade to a greater extent than was ever practised by any nation. She employs an immense marine, nominally, for the suppression of the trade, and yet that marine is directly supported by the profits of the trade. The operation has been thus described: The cruisers on the African coast are seldom known to prevent the stealing of the negroes, but generally catch the vessels, with all on board. The unfeasted might then suppose that the negroes would be immediately discharged. Not so, however. They are taken over to the coast of Brazil, and sold by British authority into servitude for eight years, generally at \$50 a head, in order to pay the expense of their capture. The negroes are then registered, and turned into plantations among other slaves, from 1,000 to 10,000 in number, where of course it is utterly impossible to recognize individuals. Semi-annually the surgeon of the plantation makes a report of the health of the slaves, and at the expiration of the eight years the returns show that they have nearly all died off. The Government of Great Britain have been enabled to keep in active service a powerful marine, ready for any emergency, at but little expense to themselves. These facts are well known on the Brazilian coast, and it is to perpetuate this system that the right of searching the vessels of all other nations, of constituting herself the marine police of the world," is claimed."

New Mode of Grafting.—Mr. Downing of Newburg, has lately practiced with success, a new mode of grafting, the object being to test the quality of fruits raised from seeds in a shorter period than would be possible by permitting such seedling to stand until time of bearing.

The method is, to put the top of a shoot from a seedling tree, or a new variety, when it is desirable to procure a specimen immediately, upon the top of a thrifty shoot of middle aged fruit bearing tree; the process being simply to take thrifty shoots, about a quarter of an inch in diameter and cut them in a slanting manner clear through, so as to detach about four inches of the top from the rest, making the line of the angle about an inch—the stock being cut in the same manner. The backs are to be then carefully united, and bound with yarn, covering the whole with grafting wax to exclude the air. By this mode, fruit may be obtained in a short time, the operation being simple with scarcely a fear of failure.

TEMPERANCE IN THE NAVY.—A letter from an officer of the U. S. frigate Columbia, published in the National Intelligencer of Saturday, says: "We are sailing entirely upon the temperance principle, from the captain down to the smallest boy on board. We give as a substitute hot coffee to the watch, when they come on deck in the night, and we find they like this exceedingly. I sincerely hope that the rest of the vessels of our Navy will follow the noble example set them by the officers and crew of the Columbia; for I am now convinced that the sailors in our Navy do not require the spirit part of their ration. I have always been a strong advocate for giving the men liquor; but my late observation, during very hard and severe weather, with continuous rains, and the thermometer down to the freezing point, has made me ten times as strongly opposed to it."

Miscellanous.

CLOSING SCENE OF LIFE.—The last words of Mr. Jefferson, who died just half a century after the passage of his immortal Declaration of Independence, were, "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country." The dying words of John Adams, the same day, were still more characteristic of the man. A few minutes before he died, being roused by the firing of a cannon, and told that his neighbors were rejoicing for the fourth of July, he exclaimed, "It is a great and glorious day!" and expired with the words, "Independence forever!" on his lips. President Monroe also died on the morning of our National Independence. When the firing began, at night, he opened his eyes enquiringly, and when the noise was communicated to him, a cheerful, intelligent smile indicated that he understood what the occasion was, although speechless.—Gen. Harrison's dying words will never be forgotten,—"I wish you to understand the true practice of the G-overnor—I wish them carried out—I care nothing more." In death, as in life, the happiness of his country was uppermost in his thoughts.—*C. R. publican.*

ANecdote of the FIRST PRESIDENT ADAMS. This patriot of the Revolution was dining one day with a Tory Judge, who gave us a toast "The King." Mr. Adams and other Whigs present drank the toast, but with no small reluctance; and when his turn came, he reciprocated the civility by saying: let us drink the health of THE PEOPLE. This was so startling and offensive, that it would have produced unpleasant consequences, had not the judge's lady, with the admirable tact of her sex, diverted the tide of wrath into another channel, by observing: "Pray do not scruple to drink the toast; Mr. Adams has drunk to the health of our friend, and you ought not to hesitate in drinking to the health of his!" This was pouring oil upon the waves, and it restored the good humor of the hour. The name of the judge, if my memory be correct, was *Paine*. It was probably the same gentleman who asked a black servant if he had heard the news. "No sir, what is it?"—"The devil is dead!" "Ah! I didn't know he was *dead*, though I have heard that he has been a long time in PAIN."—*N. Y. American.*

THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot.

I leave to my parents, during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity, in feeble and decrepit state, can sustain.

I leave my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them.

I leave my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to sweep over me, and a premature death.

I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and the remembrance that their father was a monster.

Meeting in favor of Texas.—One of yesterday's evening papers having announced that a meeting would be held last evening in the Park in favor of the Texans, about two hundred persons assembled in front of the City Hall at the hour named. But as no platform had been erected for the speakers, nor any other preparations made for a meeting those who assembled inferred, as was the fact, that the announcement of the meeting was hoax. One looser-looking genius, however, got upon the top of the steps leading to the Hall, and harangued the meeting for some ten minutes, during which he loudly called on them to march "against Mexico." His harangue seemed to have but little effect on the audience. When he had concluded, a mangled urchin about twelve years old took his place, and with a most horrid tone and attitude, said "Friends of Texas, I propose myself for the office of brigadier General!" The urchin's address excited no little laughter, and the meeting immediately adjourned.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

GREAT HOAX.—Gentlemen: For the information of your readers, you may say in your paper, that I killed off a hog to-day, one year ten months and twelve days old—which weighed, alive, ten hundred & ten pounds. Dressed, he weighed nine hundred and five. The cauldron heart weighed thirty-eight, and a half pounds—leaving his whole weight 143 1/2 lbs, and a loss of only 6 1/2 lbs. He was a cross of the Berkshire and Boar obtained from Mr. Fuller, of Readfield, Kennebec County.

Very respectfully, JNO. JAMESON.

Newcastle, (N.H.) March 23, 1841.

A large meeting of the citizens of New Orleans was held on the 17th inst., at which strong resolutions against Mexico were passed, and committees appointed to collect subscription, &c., in aid of Texas.

Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive, examine and settle with the heirs of the several creditors to the estate of ANDREW SCHUMACHER, of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, do hereby give notice that any creditor from the first day of March, instant, have or will have one month from that date to bring his claim against the estate, and to receive payment of the same, and that any creditor who does not file his claim within that time, shall attend to the service assigned to him in the office of L. W. Whitman, in Norway, on the last Friday of April, June and August, next, from one to six o'clock in the afternoon, or as often as desired.

LAWYER WILLIAM H. MAN,

JOHN H. SMITH, Esq., Commissioners.

Norway, March 23d, 1841.

347

WOMEN'S RIGHTS' Notice.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of ANDREW SCHUMACHER, of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, do hereby give notice that any creditor from the first day of March, instant, have or will have one month from that date to bring his claim against the estate, and to receive payment of the same, and that any creditor who does not file his claim within that time, shall attend to the service assigned to him in the office of L. W. Whitman, in Norway, on the last Friday of April, June and August, next, from one to six o'clock in the afternoon, or as often as desired.

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JOHN H. SMITH, Esq., Commissioners.

Tuners, March 23d, 1841.

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Tuners, March 23d, 1841.

347

THE LION OF THE DAY.

THE OLD DUTCH OR GERMAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

TO THE CITIZENS of the United States and the Canadas it is respectfully submitted this Dietrich to the means for regaining that which has been partially, and in some instances wholly lost.

What blessing should be graced above that of health, on who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction) "Content peace, prepare for war." The lion of the day prepares for the attack of that which attacks him.

What blessing should be graced above that of health, on who knows better how to prize the blessing, than those who have been deprived of it? It is an old adage, (and one that contains a wise injunction) "Content peace, prepare for war."

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SALT RHEUM.

THE subscriber having, as he has reason to believe, discovered a certain cure for the Salt Rheum and which may also be considered as a remedy for various other humors and diseases, has now prepared a quantity of Salt Rheum, which he has sold in small quantities, and applied it to his patients, and found it to be very efficacious.

The Salt Rheum is a compound of various roots and herbs, and is a powerful purgative.

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